

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1806.

[No. 52.]



Communications.

* Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
* Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.*

For the Merrimack Magazine.

VIEW OF MANKIND.

"It can be no crime for the imagination to quit the Babel of a busy age, and fly to scenes of yet unreal bliss, that beckon on a tardy vicious world." EVERETT.

DON GASSANDI, a Spanish gentleman, who was remarkable for a strict observance of the pure principles of the christian religion, was arrested by the court of inquisition as a non-conformist; and not being able to force detraction, they sentenced him to imprisonment in the tower, during a certain period, which in all probability would exceed the period of his existence. — But heaven prolonged his days till the time of his imprisonment was expired, and he was lawfully set at liberty. In this place of darkness and solitude, he grovelled through half a century, without a cheering ray of the sun. The morning which bro't his freedom was fair; as he walked from his nightly abode, what a scene of new objects presented on every side; for time had effaced from his recollection every thing that a long acquaintance had made familiar; all the feathered songsters seemed to join in celebrating his liberty. What must have been his expectations! Doubtless, he anticipated seeing many of his ancient friends, and enjoying society in the friendly circle of his domestics. But, alas! how altered the scene! No vestiges of friends or relations were to be found in the whole city, where he had spent the flower of youth, in the enjoyment of dear connections, and that holy religion for the honor of which he suffered. A new race of men succeeded his contemporaries, whose habits were different, which made every thing appear strange and disgusting. He looked around upon society with dismay, and said, *Take me from whence I came, that I may end*

my days free from the perplexing scenes of visionary man.

This is the situation of every contemplative person, who suddenly emerges from the contracted sphere of youth, to embark on the fluctuating sea of public compact. He sees slander, seduction, and profanity, instruments of rivalry, sport with the fair character of a pretended friend; the faint-ed hypocrite contending for pre-eminence, with the humble and pious christian. In every one there is a prejudice of his own importance.

He sees the political world in arms, to defend the tenets of their sect, while ignorant of their principles; the torrent of vice prevails, and overcomes the rill of virtue. The investigation of truth dissipates his friends, and leaves him a wanderer in the field of just inquiry. When the public mind is corrupt, he must follow it, or bear the appellation of villain, turncoat, traitor.

If independent in his principles, he is deemed a morose and rigid sectary; if accommodating, an obsequious conformist. If his heart sympathizes with the distressed, and shares with inward sorrow, the evils of society, he is no less than an arch fiend, well instructed in the code of the illuminati. By doing one good, by the whims of society, he lays himself under obligations to perform a dozen more, or suffer the penalty, the loss of character, friends, and public confidence. At this view of society, who would not turn indignant from it, to his youthful scenes of mirth and innocence. — But turn to that part of society which is alone worthy the attention of an immortal mind. He can view nature clothed with adoration, and nature's God shedding diviner rays, through the medium of the holy religion of the gospel. He laughs at the miseries, with which the wretch, obsequious to the ills that debase society, is degraded; while he mourns the folly that induces an indulgence in vicious inclinations, and the stupidity that grasps at its own accumulated wrongs. He views the adorable excellencies of the Deity, which involve all possible perfections, with sentiments of devotion. His bosom beats with sensibility at the sight of those fordid passions by which degenerated spirits, clogged by sensual appetite, are degraded. This, and this alone, prompts him to engage in

society, to calm the "Babel of a busy age," and augment the sum of general happiness.

The first society that I have ever been acquainted with, cannot be better described, than by the name that I have given it, "THE WORLD IN EMBRIO;" it includes all the different grades of men, and exhibits all the various passions by which mankind are actuated; composed of every rank; as well as the follies of men, it contains a constellation of abilities. Here are discussed the vanities and foibles of human nature and art, and the important affairs of church and state, no point of which is ever determined without strenuous opposition, which arises from the diversity of sentiment in the different members of the society. Some will raise objections to the candid proposals of a member, for no other reason than to eclipse his abilities, or than because he himself is not the author of the proposed plan.

In short, a spirit of competition seems general, without distinction to age or sect. Some advocate a liberal enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of high life; while others, with grave austerity, abandon them to eternal infamy, who chant at the sound of the viol, or suffer their reason to be deranged at the card-table. Some are emulous of doing real good, of disseminating true and universal benevolence, of instructing mankind in the principles of virtue and true religion. Others cloak the blackest crimes under the specious garb of virtue, and perpetrate the most horrid deeds without discovering to the world their atrocious villainy; to such we only say, they are fast preparing to be blasted with the breath of divine vengeance.

The various and unexampled vicissitudes of this compact, clearly demonstrate that there is no happiness, there is no dependence on the irregularities of the present life. But our dependence must be in the infinite author of our being, who has formed us for existence after the dissolution of this body, when he that is filthy shall be filthy still, and he that is holy shall be holy still; then let ours be the privilege, and the united voice to exclaim, "Procul! O Procul este profani!" EUPHIA.

APHORISM. — Bid farewell to all grandeur if envy stir within thee. — *Lavater.*

For the Merrimack Magazine.

ON GAMBLING.

GAMBLING, may justly be said to be a vice that is pregnant with misery and distress, not only to him who is guilty of it, but to them with whom he is more intimately connected. To a superficial observer, it may appear an innocent amusement, that does not interfere with the concerns of any one; such a person is easily ensnared, and too late finds the sad effects of his criminal credulity. The evils attendant on this despicable vice are numerous and complicated; a plentiful estate is often expended, and the property of another lies at the option of villains. The man that once cherished virtuous sentiments, and was governed by honest principles, now seeks the basest methods to obtain money, not to provide for the necessities of his distressed family, but to prostitute to that purpose from which originated their misery.

The Gaming-Table may justly be said to be the nursery of villains: How many infamous characters, who have suffered upon the gibbet, or put an end to their miserable existence in the loathsome dungeon, impute the whole of their misery to the loose principles inculcated at the gaming-table. Gambling and drinking, say they, made us forget the virtuous sentiments that were the companions of our youth; for, when we had spent our property in rioting and intemperance, we were ripe for robberies, and the foulest murders we have perpetrated with these hands. Thus, reputation, health, property, and the happiness of friends and connections, are sacrificed to this the basest of vices. How often are families made miserable, by the wilful imprudence of one of its members! Let every one consider, before he engages in this sin, the motives that influence his conduct. Can it be *industry* that prompts to this vice? Would an industrious man neglect his business, and indulge himself in that which his conscience told him was sinful? Would he risk his all at the gaming-table; the prosperity of his family and his own reputation? Can it be a good motive that would induce a man to deprive another of his property, a family of its support? Let the virtuous youth, who thinks it no harm to risk a small sum at cards or dice, remember that, to retain his virtuous habits, he must shun vice in every shape; remembering that, when he is careless and secure, imagining that he is invincible to the allurements of vice, that then is the greatest danger. The love of gaming steals insensibly upon the mind, and deprives a man of the noblest and most rational enjoyments. Domestic happiness no longer has its pleasures, but is considered as irksome. Let him who has the most

distant idea of gaming, picture to himself the situation of a family that is rendered miserable by this vice; the husband, who is bound to protect the wife of his bosom, not only neglects her, but treats her with contempt. View him returning from his midnight revelling, intoxicated with liquor, and, like a fury, venting his rage upon his wife for the loss of his money; while she in tears implores his mercy, and in a supplicating posture intreats him to provide for his family, which is starving for want of bread; while the monster, destitute of every tender emotion, curses the impotency of the children of his body, and abuses the wife of his bosom for her freedom in telling him the necessities of his family. This, however strange and unnatural, many have found true by sad experience. The heart rendered insensible and deaf to every sentiment of humanity and benevolence, by vicious inclinations and bad company, places man in a situation below the brutes who perish. He no longer finds amusement in the social circle; innocence has no charms, for he is insensible; virtue to him is not comely, for vice sways the sceptre in his breast; a stranger to domestic happiness, he finds nothing that will create enjoyment, nor does anything but what conscience tells him will witness against him in another world. In this manner he drags out a wretched existence, a burden to himself and detested by others, till death summons him to eternity, to answer for his crimes at the tribunal of his God.

EUGENES.



From the Literary Tablet.

LITERATURE.

THE science and taste of a people may be very accurately determined by the encouragement given to literary productions. The toys of children are pleasing to a savage, and ornaments, little more costly, to weak minds in civilized society. A beautiful person, clad in good apparel, may captivate the eye of the beholder; but a well cultivated mind affords still greater pleasure to those, who are capable of enjoying it. A man must possess considerable knowledge, to discover it in others.—The powers of the mind are wisely formed for progressive improvement; and it is readily granted, that the capacity for happiness is increased in proportion, as the understanding is cultivated. This should operate as a strong inducement to every one of advancing his own condition and rendering himself more agreeable to his com-

panions, by using each opportunity of acquiring instruction to the greatest advantage. Let none despair of success, for a resolute perseverance will overcome seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

To be ambitious of literary excellency, is laudable, is far different from that ambition, which endangers the lives and liberties of nations. Though self may be the principal object in view, yet its effects cannot be confined. An author, either induced to write for the sole purpose of gaining applause, or impelled by poverty's stern commands, if merit is displayed, gives equal satisfaction to himself and his readers. But without encouragement, literature will never flourish; while few find leisure, or disposition to read, less turn their attention to composing. N.

THE IMMORTAL MIND.

THE mind, (observes an elegant author of the present day,) the immortal mind, if its high-born faculties elevate us almost to its native heaven, while we are upon earth—if the wing of its fancy, and the thrilling sense of its feeling appear, in some degree, to anticipate the height and sensations of ethereal beings, even yet while we are clogged with the weight of the grosser particles which compose this nether world, what a tax is levied on our supremacy! how do our trials augment with our talents, and our perils increase with our eminences.

AMERICAN INQUISITIVENESS.

A GENTLEMAN who has travelled through most parts of North America, observes, that wherever you bend your course, to whomsoever you address yourself, you are insensibly subject to good humoured, ineffective, but very troublesome inquiries. Do you enquire your road, you are answered by a question—"I suppose you come from the eastward, don't you?" Oppressed with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and drenched perhaps, with rain, you answer shortly in the affirmative, and repeat your enquiry: "Methinks you are in a mighty haste; what news are there to the eastward?" This is the only satisfaction you can obtain, till you have opened your real or pretended budget of news, and gratified the demander's curiosity. At an inn the scrutiny is more minute: your name, quality, place of departure, and the object of your journey, must all be declared to the family in some way or other (for their credulity is equal to their curiosity) before you can sit down in comfort to your necessary refreshment.

This curious spirit is intolerable in the eastern states; and the writer of this article, has heard the celebrated Dr Franklin, who was himself a Bostonian, relate with great pleasantry, that in travelling, when he was young, the first step he took

for his tranquility, and to obtain immediate attention at these inns, was to anticipate enquiry, by saying, "My name is Benjamin Franklin, I was born at Boston, am a printer by profession, I am travelling to Philadelphia, shall return at such a time, and have no news—now what can you give me for dinner?"

RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

From Carr's Northern Summer.

THE princely magnificence in which some of the Russian nobility live is prodigious. Having occasion one day to find out a person who occupied a suite of rooms in one of the great town hotels of Count Sheramatoff, the Russian Duke of Bedford, we had an opportunity of seeing this enormous pile, in which a great number of respectable families reside; and the rent, amounting to twenty thousand rubles, is applied by its munificent lord, to the relief of the poor. Exclusive of another superb mansion in the city, which he inhabits, the Count has a town on the road to Moscow, called Paulova, containing about two thousand five hundred houses, and five churches: this place is the Birmingham of Russia, all the inhabitants of which are his slaves, who carry on an extensive trade on the Caspian Sea. In the neighbourhood of this place, he has a palace rivalling Versailles in extent and splendor. Many of his slaves, all of whom adore him, have realized vast fortunes, and display at their tables sumptuous services of plate, every costly luxury, and have foreign masters to teach their children. Though rolling in unwieldy revenues, the Count is frequently embarrassed, from his princely munificence; yet he never replenishes his exhausted treasury, by exercising the sovereign right which he has to raise the capitation-tax of his peasantry. What additional blessings might not such a nobleman bestow upon his country, by converting his vassals into tenants:—how great and immediate would be the influence and example of a spirit so liberal:—what power has Fortune invested him to accelerate the civilization of his country! One of the Count's slaves advertised, during my stay in Petersburg, for a family preceptor, with an offer of two thousand rubles per annum, and six rubles per day for his table, and a cook! The Count was under severe domestic affliction at this time, having just lost his amiable lady, who had formerly been one of his slaves: she left behind her a little son to console him, whom the Emperor elevated to the rank of nobility; a measure rendered necessary in consequence of his mixed birth, to enable him to enjoy his father's wealth and honors. Prince Sheramatoff, who is the lord of one hundred and forty thousand slaves, lost eighty thousand rubles in one night at the

gaming-table: not having so much money at immediate command, he offered to transfer to the winner an estate of slaves of that value: as soon as the unfortunate vassals heard of the intended assignment, they immediately raised the money amongst them, and sent it to their lord. Many of the nobles have three hundred servants; and one of that order, it is reported, had thirteen thousand in constant attendance.

The manners of the Russian nobility very much partake of the manners of the old school of France, and in complimentary profession, perhaps a little exceed it. They are acute observers of human nature; and knowing that their urbanity, on account of their polar situation, is generally suspected, they are even anxious to make a profuse display of it. They are remarkably hospitable, and very attentive to strangers. Connubial happiness amongst the higher orders seldom endures eleven months after the honey-moon, when the parties generally kiss, pout, part, and afterwards are happy. Divorce is not recognized by the laws of Russia. The road to Moscow frequently exhibits a singular spectacle of lords and their ladies taking a half yearly glance at each other as they meet, in exchanging their residences in the two cities, for their mutual accommodation and amusement: this is the nearest point of contact. The education of the young nobility very frequently suffers from the free and unguarded manner in which they receive every needy adventurer in the capacity of domestic tutor, particularly if he be an Englishman: English taylor, and servants out of livery, and travelling valets frequently become the preceptors and governors of children. A fellow of this description said one day: "In summer I be clerk to a butcher in Cronstadt, and in winter I teaches English to the Russian nobility's children." I knew a lady whose valet left her in Petersburg, in consequence of having been appointed a superintendant of the children of a Russian nobleman of high distinction, with one thousand rubles per annum, a table, and two slaves. The Russian nobility are in general very extravagant, and consequently frequently embarrassed: their bills are often at a discount of sixty, and even seventy pounds per cent.

A PATRIARCH.

BINGLEY, in his late account of North-Wales, tells us, that at Fletting, a Welch farmer lived one hundred and five years; but this was not the most wonderful part of his history—He had thirty children by his first wife, ten by his second, four by his third wife, and seven by two concubines. His youngest was eighty-one years younger than his eldest, and eight hundred of his descendants followed him to the grave, being actually present at his funeral.

SATIRICAL ADVICE.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

If kind nature has bestowed on you the enchanting gift of a good voice, and you can sing charmingly—let the company press you till they are almost weary, and whenever it is affirmed by any person that you can sing, you may insist upon it that you cannot—this is a proof of good-manners.

Are your teeth white: Shew them upon all and no occasions; laugh at every speech, whether joke or not; and protest, *pon honor, you can't help it.*

Be sure to abuse the dress of every friend, by declaring such a one's gown is ill made, such a one's handkerchief in a wrong place, &c.—thus you will appear to possess great candor and friendship.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

WHENEVER you fail in conversation to amuse the company, begin to laugh most immoderately; you will thereby command the attention of all the spectators.

If any gentleman should tell a humorous story, never laugh, but immediately tell another story yourself, and then laugh as much and as loud as you please.

Wherever you go, be determined to find fault with every thing; thereby you will prove yourself a man of consequence.

Do you wish to be in love? Visit your mistress when you have drank freely of your bottle. Spirits give spirits.—Make a dying speech; thump your breast; flourish your handkerchief; and present a pistol. If she is not moved at this, I will give you leave to shoot yourself.

Whenever you are in company with ladies, endeavour to show your learning. Use as many hard words & learned phrases as possible; it will excite great admiration. Should the conversation happen to get beyond your depth, and you be pressed for a remark or a reply, set up an affected cough or sneeze; and then say, "*Demme, I forgot what I was going to speak.*"

SCRAPS—FROM THE FRENCH.

THE repartees of Mr. —, to Miss —, whom he passionately loved, are well known. One evening, as he was walking with her in the park—"What fine weather! (said she.)—What serenity!—What a fine sky!" "Hold your tongue, (exclaimed he,) it is not in my power to give them to you."

A bigotted sermonist, who preached the panegyric of Saint Francis Xavier, extolled him to have converted *ten thousand souls* by one sermon, on a desert island.

A PEASANT lately arrived at Paris, asked an attorney, on looking at the Temple, what the great building was? "Tis a mill," replied the attorney. "I thought so," said the peasant, "as I see so many asses carrying their bags to the gate."



For the Merrimack Magazine.

ON SEEING MISS H***** A***** DESCEND
A HILL.

WITH graceful steps the lovely H***** mov'd,
I saw, I gaz'd, I listen'd, and I lov'd.
The fleeting vision vanish'd from my mind,
But love and H***** still remain'd behind.
The partial god presiding at her birth,
Gave H***** beauty, and yet gave her worth.
Kind nature form'd of purest white her skin,
An emblem of her innocence within,
And call'd on cheerful health her aid to lend,
The rosy colours of her face to blend,
While Venus added, to compleat the fair,
The eyes' black languish and the golden hair.
But far superiour charms exalt her mind,
Adorn'd by nature, and by art refin'd;
Hers are the lasting beauties of the heart,
The charms which *virtue only* can impart.

THESEUS.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

EMPLOYMENT IN SOLITUDE.

FREE from the cares which every soul perplex,
No doubts to rack me, and no cares to vex,
To fame a stranger, and from wealth remote,
A foe to pleasure, and a friend to thought;
Far from the vain, unthinking, heedless throng,
Through life's still vale I silent steal along.
When morning steepes the glitt'ning green in dew,
And the pale cloud just shoots its skirts in blue,
I traverse o'er the many-winding maze,
And hymn in nature's works her author's praise.
When Summer strews afar the crimson'd flower,
And the earth begs in vain the fostering shower,
Wrapt in the gloom of yonder hawthorn shade,
The sun's bright rays in darkness I evade.
When eve slow lingers o'er the lonely plain,
And the faint eye just lens the misty main,
On Contemplation's sacred wing I soar,
Where Fancy droops, & Reason towers no more,
Where sits enthron'd, in awful state sublime,
The God of nature, and the God of time.
Here wrapt to future times, I thoughtful trace
A Saviour's mercy, and a Sovereign's grace,
Till thankful praise attune my glowing breast,
And silence speaks where language is suppress'd.

—♦♦♦—
EPIGRAM.

AS WILL along the floor had laid,
His lazy length in solemn show,
"You're ill," quoth SAL, "I'm fore afraid:"
"Indeed," says WILL, "I'm rather low."

For the Merrimack Magazine.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

IF e'er I'm doom'd the marriage bonds to wear,
Kind Heaven, propitious, hear a virgin's prayer:
Let the dear man, I'm destin'd to obey,
Still kindly govern with most gentle sway,
Let his good sense correct my erring thoughts,
Let his good nature pardon all my faults,
Let every vice be deem'd his moral foe,
Let every virtue his best friendship know;
Still let me find possess'd of the dear youth,
The best of manners and sincerest truth,
Unblemish'd be his honor and his fame,
And let his actions merit his good name.
I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
For troubles often on the wealthy wait;
Be this my fate, if e'er I'm made a wife,
Else, keep me happy in a single life.

—♦♦♦—

From the Literary Tablet.

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,

"What is Virtue?"

AND what is Virtue? do you ask?
To answer is no easy task;
Yet, lest too soon the muse should fly,
To find the meaning, I will try.
'Tis when the heart is humble, low,
And feels a pang for others' woe;
Benevolent, forgiving, mild,
A parent to affliction's child;
Resign'd beneath the chastening rod,
Confiding still in 'Nature's God.'
Too humble to indulge in pride,
Too proud to walk by folly's side,
It gives religion all its heart,
And joyful takes the better part.
Such are the feelings I would choose,
Did not rebellious sin refuse,
And bid my heart the path pursue
That folly treads—'tis still in view.
Oh! when will virtue warm my soul,
And calm my passions in her school?
When will that happy time arrive
When Hope shall bid my soul revive;
Exulting in my faith, arise,
And meet my Father in the skies?

BELINDA.

—♦♦♦—

SONG.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expense of ease.
Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed,
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast:
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

THE EDITORS

TO

PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

WE this day present our patrons with the promised Title Page and Index to this work, as the present number concludes the first volume of the MERRIMACK MAGAZINE AND LADIES' LITERARY CABINET, and with it, for the present, the editorial labours of the publishers.—It is believed that the novelty of a work of this kind in this town, has been a great obstruction to its success; it is hoped, however, that encouragement may be afforded for farther trial of its usefulness. Should a second volume be commenced, those whose names are now on our subscription list, will be considered as patrons, agreeable to the notices in former numbers of the Magazine—of which there are about 140, and not sufficient to warrant the commencing of another volume, although this was commenced with a smaller number, in expectation of a rapid increase.

Subscription-papers will be immediately issued for obtaining such an increase of patronage as will enable us to commence & prosecute another volume to the satisfaction of its readers; and, should a considerable increase be obtained, the first number of the second volume will make its appearance the beginning of next month, and our best exertions shall not be wanting to render it worthy the patronage we wish it to be favoured with.

TO

CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Character of an American Patriot,' selected and communicated by AMANDA, but unavoidably omitted this day, will appear in the first number of the second volume, should the work be continued.

The communicator of poetic lines on 'Enjoyment,' has leave to call on the Editors and receive them again, as we do not wish to retain the precious morceau.

OBSERVATOR's poetical epistle is under consideration.

Our former and latter correspondents are requested to accept acknowledgments of the most grateful thanks for the various favours with which we have been obliged since the publication of this work commenced. Should we receive the wished success, we hope they will not withhold future favours.—The aid of other literary friends is respectfully solicited, by

W. & J. GILMAN.

August 9, 1806.

Complete files of the first volume, which have been kept in good order for binding, are for sale at the office of the publishers—Price of the volume bound, 2 dolls. 50 cts.—unbound, 2 dollars.

with
this
cludes
ACK
ARY
sent,
ts.—
work
great
pped,
e af-
ness.
iced,
sub-
rons,
nbers
re a-
at the
ough
num-
e.
liate-
se of
nce &
isfac-
sider-
ber of
pear-
d our
ren-
it to

triot,
NDA,
ll ap-
d vol-

es on
Edi-
do not

s un-

adents
ments
arious
bliged
com-
ished
hold
terary

V. :

lume,
er for
of the
ound,